

decided most posi-tively that Jim Brock should not be his son-in-law, Brock

fight. He was mate-rially reinforced by Lucy Rucker, the judge's daughter, and the object of

This would not have been so bad in the eyes of the judge if Jim had shown any inclination to remedy it. But he didn't. He made money, but he was too generous and free-handed to save it. In the eyes of the judge, who was almost miserly, this was an unpardonable failing.

"He cannot keen us apart forever, to be on the winning side."

"And the best of it is you will make the for papa, too."

Jim's heart sunk and his face lengthened. "I'm afraid that is not quite possible," he said. "I know your father pretty well, and when there is any money-making going on he is sure in the cannot keen us apart forever, to be on the winning side."

'I am sorry," Jim replied. "but it happen.

can't be done 'Why can't it? You make money

but unfortunately I am constructed on a different plan. I just can't grind every dollar out of people and never help.

Two or three months went by and share. Now don't you see that you am satisfied with the result."

"Bosh! Business is business, and if alone.

"Bosh or three months went by and share. Now don't you see that you again he and Lucy were together must do?" UDGE RUCKER had give out a cent in return. Anyway, I decided most posi- am satisfied with the result."

should not be his son-in-law. Brock had decided to the contrary. Jim had an additional son in the world you "I guess if I am to have you at all," have got to practice business methods. When you can save \$5,000 in a year I will consent for you to marry my I've tried to save money, but I can't like you up and run off with you.

vantage, however, in so far that he was not alone in the fight. He was mate-it by Lucy Rucker, the

indepth of the bitter contention. Lucy loved her father, but she loved Jim more.

The one great fault the judge found with Jim was his poverty, and this fault Jim possessed in the first degree.

This would not have been so bad in the eyes of the judge if Jim had shown.

The over the very contention of the first degree.

This would not have been so bad in the eyes of the judge if Jim had shown.

The next day I m and Lucy met and the contention of the contention of the contention.

"Then I guess I'll just steal you."

"That would be nice, and I know I should enjoy it. But I don't believe and you will take the very one away for you to make that hateful old money."

"You do? How?"

"And the beet of it is you will make the contention of the contention of the contention."

while failing

"He cannot keep us apart forever."

"He cannot keep us apart forever."

"Well, you know papa and Mr. you and Lucy marrying."

"No. no. Not now. Let's wait to be on the winning side."

"Well, you know papa and Mr. Grider are both interested in the Mertyou and Lucy marrying."

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"Well, you know papa and Mr. Well, you show papa and Mr. Well, you show papa and Mr. You show papa and

"And if nothing does happen?"
"But neither of them has quite controlling interest."

"Well, we'll see. If we wait a long time and nothing happens I couldn't blame you if you did steal me."

"Yes. I make it, all right, but I can't keep it. I have tried, and I just can't do it."

"Stuff! When I was a young man I was a poor as you, but I saved money. You can, too, if you try."

"It I had your disposition I couldn't was a great incentive to save, but when I was a great incentive to save, but money. He remembered that he had a great incentive to save, but when "I see."

a great incentive to save, but when "Papa says he is going to St. Louis someone came to him in need he could tomorrow to buy it, and that he is y not close his heart to an appeal for going to have it even if he has to pay help.

ithree times its worth, which is \$50 a

"I guess if I am to have you at all," he said, "there is nothing for me to do but take you up and run off with you. do it. If you won't let me steal you I'll have to give you up."

available to not qu

"If I was a man and loved a girl I would steal her whether she wanted

"Then I guess I'll just steal you."
"That would be nice, and I know I should enjoy it. But I don't believe

Yes, I know that

""I—I am not sure that I do."

"Why, goosy, you must go to St.

Louis tonight and buy that stock before papa can get there, and then take an option on the stock for two or

the little matter of paying for the stock. What if I didn't happen to

have just that much money about me?"
"You don't need to have. You can



GRIDER MUST NOT HAVE THAT STOCK I TELL YOU!"

when he comes rake him pay \$5,000 three days and pay for it after you extra for it. Don't you see? Then have sold it."
you will have the money he demands. "Where did you learn all this?" and-and-you will get me.

"I see. Glorious idea. But there's

I heard papa say se "And you betray him for my sake?"

Where did you learn all this?"

ly yellow against gloom of the autum-

pal night.

That brightest

light was from the

His

Jim Brock took the first train for St. Louis and, the next morning, lo-cated his man, and, in a disinterested way, began to negotiate for an option

"All right," the man replied. "You can have it."

A contract was drawn and signed and then Jim went down to the sta-tion to meet the morning train from his home town. As he expected, when it came in Judge Rucker stepped off. Then Grider, too, followed.

Jim approached the judge and addressed him, but the latter merely nodded his head and hurried to a waiting hack. Grider hurried to another ing hack. Grider hurried to another it tell you. It would ruin me. I want and then there was a mad race for the office of the man who had owned those hundred shares of stock.

Jim smiled, and taking another hack, followed more leisurely. At the office door he met the judge, who was rushing out in a state of mild excite-

"You seem to be in a great hurry this morning, judge," he remarked, 'Did 'you buy those shares?" the

judge asked eagerly Why, yes; I bought them. What

What will you take? Quick!"

"O, I hardly know. What would ou give?"

"Of course. Don't you know I love but I just happen to need them. You can't sell them at par on the market." 'Is that so?

"Not just yet. I understand Grider is down here, and I wish to see him

on the bank shares.
"I think," Jim said, "if you will let the stock go at par I can find you a purchaser within a day or two. I will manded to know what he would take

"Well," Jim replied, slowly, "you can have the stock on these terms?
You pay me \$5,000 premium and then fulfill an agreement you made with me some time ago, or you can wait here till I go and sell Grider those shares. then you can see \$10,000, for I know he'll give that much." Jim started out, but the judge grab-

iir-

"Well, you know my terms. Five

thousand and your daughter."
The judge eyed Jim closely for a full minute, then drew his checkbook

from his pocket and made out a check for \$5,000. Here's the money," he said. "Give

me the stock."

"And I am to have Lucy?" Jim questioned.

"Yes. Give me the stock."
"All right. Here it is." As they were going up on the train that afternoon the judge said:

'How did you happen to buy that "O, I just took a notion that way,"

"I'll give you \$500 premium." Jim replied.
"Couldn't do that, judge." "Hump!" the judge grunted. Then
"That's more than they're worth, he added something about treachery."

because she knows I can't cook.

"You can him a girl if a cook's all

## The Parisian Dress



scious of the admiring and envious glances that followed her. She smiled proudly to herself as she made way down the one main street of the

As she retraced her steps to her home, she faced a new and still more admiring audience. She smiled patronizingly at the other girls as she passed, but her moment of triumpn arrived when Howard Walden came

to a stop before her.

"I was wondering who the stranger was," he said effusively. "There's a show at the theater tonight, and I thought you must be the leading lady." I'm glad that I met you because I was coming over this afternoon to ask you to give me the pleasure of your company to the performance. I hope you have not promised anyone else?"
"No." Hetty paused to ponder. "I don't think that I have made any promise," she said slowly. "Jimmy Belton was speaking of going, but he didn't say anything definite, so if you want—"

10098

by the

Now softly flushed with excitement; and women turned completely around to stare at Hetty Colton, now parted in a smile. It was a dress which even on Fifth

It was a dress which even on Fifth

When had a livery coach instead of his construction.

which even on Fifth Avenue might have attracted attention as an unusually ornate costume. In Vallsville it was a double sensation, for Hetty Colton would be the last person to be suspected of donning a dream of the hack that was called into dress such as this product of Paris.

Hetty, looking neither to the right nor left nor yet behind, was still considered attention of the considered of the constant of the constant one's escort to stop for a glass of cider and a bit of cake after an evening at the theater. There were no good read that I love you."

You can't understand."

You can't understand."

You can't understand what it missed the hack and followed Hetty into the house, as a matter of course, and they proceeded to the dining room my made it worse by making all my dress such as this product of Paris.

Hetty, looking neither to the right nor left nor yet behind, was still considered of the constant one's escort to stop for a glass of cider and a bit of cake after an evening at the theater. There were no good restand." You can't understand." You can't understand what it means to a girl to be homely. I into the house, as a matter of course, and they proceeded to the dining room my made it worse by making all my dresses. Ever since mother died when I was a little girl, aunt Emmy has looked after me, and she doesn't believe in letting girls grow vain. There



can't understand," she dining room. His "You can't understand what mouth watered as he recalled the sup-

lieve in letting girls grow vain. There was no fear of that in the dresses she made for me.

"Last summer Bessie Rayburn came back to visit her folks. She is a fore-woman in one of the big shops in New York and—we had a talk.
"She told me that I must make the

most of my figure since I had no face —not just that, but you know what I my hair and all that, and last month, when I became of age and the money mother left me was my very own, I cook sent word to Bessie, and she got me Fo this gown.

this gown.

"It's what they call a model dress.
They buy one in Paris to give the designers ideas, and then they sell it cheap when it gets dirty. Bessie sent it to the cleaner and then to me. It's the first dress I ever had in all my life that looked well and—and—I thought that perhaps you might notice me. All the girls are crazy to have you notice them, and sometimes you didn't even take your hat off to me.

masterfully. "I shall not cease to ask until you do say yes." "Don't," moaned Hetty. "You can't

it means to a girl to be homely. I pers he had enjoyed there before he never was good looking and aunt Emand Hilda had quarreled. It abnost my made it worse by making all my seemed to him that he could see into the cozy dining room with its well-spread table; that he could smell the pleasant odor of hot bread and crisp, home-cured ham.

Then he looked at his own bare tab-

ble and at the floor on which were the remains of the supper that had been spread for him and which had been upset and scattered by the dog before he came in from the fields.

There was a note from his mother f my figure since I had no face explaining that she had gone into just that, but you know what I town with a neighbor and would not She showed me how to dress be back until the following afternoon. Dabney Hawkins was one of the few Western farmers who could not

For a time he watched the yellow lights across the fields, and then he

AWKINS looked miserably across the fields to where the lights of the Gordon house shone bright-plained Hilda, "and there ain't any more coffee if you want it," she said

Hilda's Cooking

"My ma ain't home, either," ex-plained Hilda, "and there ain't any supper. I was comin' to ask some." "You haven't any supper?" he

supper. I was comin' to ask some."

"You haven't any supper?" he gasped.

"The water tank fell onto the pantry and kitchen," she explained. "We ain't even got a stove."

"I got a stove, but I can't cook. Suppose you come and cook," he suggested.

"I got a stove, but I can't cook. Suppose you come and cook," he suggested.

Hilda nodded and he retraced his

steps, suiting his pace to hers, though the narrow path did not permit them to walk beside each other.

Dabney led the way into the kitch-

significantly.



HE DECIDED TO GO AND TELL HER HE WAS SORRY.

want—" in terrupted Walden eagerly, thinking of the sensation he would make as he followed Hetty own the center also provided the was head of the sensation he would make as he followed Hetty own the center also provided in a shiver of delight. She was intoxicated with a sense of triumph, shone house that seemed more like a prison than a home, she performed a shore that seemed more like a prison than a home, she performed a



Ultra-Fashionable. HATEVER became of that plain family called the Dewberrys who used to live in the little house at the end of the lane?" queried the man who had just returned to the village after a five years' absence.

"Oh, they struck oil, stranger," replied the old postmaster. "They own

on, they struck oil, stranger, is not strucked in the struck oil big manision on the hill, three automobiles and their daughter is engaged to a real duke."

"Stranger And do they still have quite require three." gaged to a real duke."

"Strange! And do they still have 'Dewberry' on the gate as they did when they lived in the little house in the lane?"

"Oh you They sall themselves Due

'Oh, no. They call themselves Du-Barry now, Dewberry sounds too Did the Best He Could.

"Please, sir," said the beggar,
"would you give a poor old man a
few pennies?"
"See here," rejoined the person ac-

"I believe you did, sir," replied the beggar, "but, do the best I can. I find it impossible to keep my expenses bed during the scrimmage."

Katharine — "Oh, she knows she will have a chance to pull her hair during the scrimmage."

low 3 1-3 cents a day—and your dime is all gone, sir."

Mrs. Van Gilt — "My husband is feeling the effect of the financial situation. He took a tumble in Wall street the other day."

Mrs. Green—"Indeed! Banana peel or elevator accident?" The Girls' College Team.

nies?"

Eva — "But if Helen is such an enemy of Edna, I can't see why she wishes to play on the same football team with her." - "Oh, she knows she

Not Worrying Now. Long— By the way, old man, you are looking a hundred per cent better than you did this time last year. Are

you feeling good?" Short—"You bet I am, A year ago was worrying about my debts." Long-"All paid now, eh?" Short — "No; but they have in-creased until there is no use in trying to pay, so I've cut out the worry."

Rapid.

Gunner—"Old Bonds advertised for a 'swift typist.' A pretty blonde ap-plied." Guyer—"And was she swift?"
Gunner—"You bet! She cloped
with Bonds' son within two weeks."

Bombarded.

Ye Poet—"Nothing can stop time."
Ye Troubadour—"I don't know. I stopped three alarms clocks when I sung under my lady's window the other night."

What, Indeed?

"It was a boiled Providence that the complex but did you ever try to borney."

"Well, it is very easy to borney."

"It was a koind Providence that trouble, but did you ever try to borgave us th' weather," mused the row money?"

janitor philosopher over his brooms. "You think so, John?" spoke up the fat policeman.

SMILE. SMILE. SMILE

"Ol do, Bedad, widout th' weather what would all the old cross-grained fogles that loaf around cigar shops awn grocery stores hov to kick about?"

"Ol do, Bedad, watout th' weather wife, as she brown to keep the stewed prunes.

"Sandy Pikes, tattered wayfar less hat."

Sympathy.

Sympathy.

It was in the art museum.

"Yes, Mandy," said Mr. Hardapple, as he referred to his catalogue, "this be a stature of Venus. You see, she hasn't any arms."

"Poor thing!" sighed Mrs. Hardapple. "I was just wondering."

"Wondering what, my dear?"

"Why, how in the world she ever carried her shopping bag."

Vast Difference.

A Different Meaning. "What is your name, my poor man?" asked the benevolent house-

wife, as she brought out a saucer of "Sandy Pikes, F. F. V.," replied the tattered wayfarer, doffing his brimless hat.

"Gracious, and does the F. F. stand for 'first family of Virginia'?"

"No, mum, it stands for 'fast freight veteran," Nothing New. Mr. Hardapple (reading) — "By heck, Mandy, it says here that in Rus-sia they actually shoe the geese."

Mrs. Hardapple—"That's nothing, Hiram. Don't we shoo the hens?" Taking No Chances. Caller—"I hope you don't let your boss see you shooting craps, my lad?" Office Boy—"You bet I don't, mis-ter. De last time he saw me he got in de game and won me week's salary."

A Few of the Best.

do you consider the best of the try?"

"Oh, we have so many to choose from it would be difficult to name the best," replied the American. "Among clothers, we have the saw horse, the clothes horse and the political dark horse."

Guner—"Indeed! Did you take in the town?"
Guyer—"Oh. no, just part of it. Swallowed several quarts of smoke, a peck of soot and a bushel of cinders."

Mean Comparison.

Gunner-"So the celebrated poet married Miss Penner, the short-story writer?" Guyer-"Yes, and some of their wedding presents were cruel insinuations.'

Gunner—"What did they receive?"
"Guyer — "Sixteen waste baskets
embellished with ribbons." Thought It a Proposal.

The pretty girl was soliciting for a charitable publication. "I have come," she exclaimed sud-denly, "to take your name." And the young man remembered it was leap year and jumped two feet.

"To take my name, miss?" he stam-"Speaking of horses," said the Eng-mered. "Oh, er—that is, this is so lish tourist. "what particular breed sudden."

"Confound these railroad time to-

pocket. "They remind me of a womprise. "What is the comparison?"
"Why, they are hard to understand and you can't get them to shut up."

Somewhat Different. Cuttem (the tailor)-'I have called to see why you haven't paid any attention to my repeated duns."

Slopay - "Silence is golden, you know

Cuttem — "Well, in this case it seems more like brass."

bles," snapped Mr. Stubb as the long folder refused to remain closed long enough for him to place it in ais